

Marauders: The Beginning (Book 1)

by RoadToRuin13

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Summary: It's the year 1971, and four boys set off to Hogwarts.

Follow the journey of Sirius, James, Remus, and Peter as they set off to make a name for themselves. Coupled with pranks, red-heads, and nasty Slytherins, their first year at Hogwarts is sure to be an interesting one. Also includes my OC, Jasmine Shafiq, who is in Ravenclaw. Rated T just in case.

1. Chapter 1: Platform 9 and three quarters

September 1st, 1971

It was an important day for wizards all across great Britain. It was the beginning of another year of magical education, at one of the finest wizarding schools in the world: Hogwarts.

"You'll have a great time, Remus, just like I did." A tall, brown haired man smiled reassuringly at his son.

"But what if they don't like me there? What if I don't make friends?" The pale, sandy-haired boy gulped, lowering his voice nervously.

"What if... they find out?"

"Sweetie, I'm sure you'll love it at Hogwarts- besides I'm sure that Dumbledore will make sure everything runs smoothly. Remember how lucky you are to have this opportunity. Promise me you'll at least try to make friends."

Hope Lupin lovingly smoothed her son's already tidy hair. The boy sighed.

"I promise."

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"Mum, Stop! You're embarrassing me!"

A hazel eyed boy with round glasses was dodging his mothers reaching hands.

"I wish your hair would just lie flat for once!"

Indeed, the boy had raven black hair that stuck up every which way. Fleamont Potter chuckled, watching his son dodge his wife's oncoming attacks.

"Euphemia, you need to let him go. The train will be leaving soon."

"Dear me! Well, we wouldn't want you to miss your ride now, would we? Hurry along! Don't forget to write!"

Grinning, the eleven year old boy quickly hugged his parents goodbye and hurriedly boarded the _Hogwarts Express._

A regal women with cold grey eyes pushed her son towards the scarlet steam-engine, with no emotion on her haughty face. Unlike the other mothers, this one had no pride, no love in her eyes for her son. Only expectations.

"Do not disappoint me, Sirius. Find Bellatrix on the train; she will introduce you to the right sort."

"_Of course, _mother."

The woman narrowed her eyes.

"Go. Make the family proud; show everyone what a honor and privilege it is to be a Black."

The boy scowled, and roughly grabbed his trunk from his house-elf. He angrily stalked towards the the scarlet train, pausing only for a moment to wave goodbye to his younger brother. Turning towards the _Hogwarts Express_, he couldn't help the wild grin that spread across his face- he boarded the the train with only one glorious thought: _Freedom._

2. Journey to Hogwarts and the Sorting hat

Remus still hadn't found a suitable compartment- they had all been full, or occupied by sneering pure-bloods. As he reached the last compartment, a small red-headed girl pushed passed him angrily, nose stuck up in the air. Trailing behind her was a pale, greasy haired boy with a heavy scowl on his face. Eyeing the compartment warily, Remus cautiously slid open the door. He was greeted by two boys his age, both grinning maniacally. The first boy stuck out his hand.

"Wotcher. I'm James. James Potter."

James had unruly black hair and mischievous hazel eyes that twinkled behind circular glasses. He had a charismatic smile, and Remus envied his confidence. Remus shook his hand.

"I'm Remus Lupin."

James grinned. "Sit down will ya? There's plenty of room."

He gestured towards the seat across from him, which was presently occupied by a dark haired boy.

"That's Sirius. Budge over, mate."

Sirius scooted over, and Remus gratefully sat down next to him. Sirius was a bit more aloof than James was, and had an aristocratic air to him. Still, his grey eyes were surprisingly warm, and he had a bright smile that lit up his face. With his high, angular cheekbones and strong jaw, Sirius was so obviously a rich pure-blood. Remus knew for a fact that James was, because he was a Potter, a well-known name in the wizarding world. Not to mention, he had a pampered air to him that suggested he was spoiled and loved.

"Don't mind them-they didn't know how to take a joke," said James.

Sirius nodded. "Yeah, the pompous gits."

It took Remus a moment to realize that they were talking about the girl and boy who had angrily walked out of the compartment only minutes before. Remus laughed nervously.

"So,uh, why'd you choose a compartment so far down? Was it the only one left?" he asked feebly, trying to start a conversation. James and Sirius exchanged amused glances.

"Because its the furthest from the Prefects compartment!" Remus only stared. What on earth had he gotten himself into?

Hours of talking, laughing, and joking later, the _Hogwarts Express_ had reached its destination. Remus was feeling much more relaxed, having found friends in James and Sirius. The two boys were definitely pranksters though, and were thinking up pranks the whole train-ride to Hogwarts. Remus had actually help brainstorm a few ideas, although they couldn't do much, having learned no magic yet. A rather large, bearded man was waiting for the train.

"Firs' Years! Firs' years 'ver here!"

The man was holding a lantern, and introduced himself as Hagrid.

"Four ter a boat! Follow me 'cross the lake! Careful, careful!"

Climbing into a boat with James, Sirius, and a boy named Peter, Remus could feel the anticipation bubbling in his stomach. He, a _werewolf_, was at _Hogwarts_!

Sirius ignored the stares he was getting from the Slytherin table. James had noticed, but thankfully didn't bring it up. As the Sorting Hat finished up its little song, Sirius was getting antsy. Professor McGonagall began rattling off names. "Abbot, Mark." The hat opened its 'mouth'. "RAVENCLAW!" "Ashe, Melody!" "RAVENCLAW!" The long,

black haired girl hurried of to join her cheering house. The process continued. "Barnes, Spencer." "HUFFLEPUFF!" The blonde haired boy smiled at the cheers. "Black, Sirius." Sirius walked towards the hat, ignoring the smirks and whoops from the Slytherin table, and James shocked face. Sitting down on the stool, he allowed McGonagall to place the hat on his head. He knew he was going to be sorted into Slytherin. What was the point?

"_HMMMMMMM_. _A Black... yet you are different, are you not?"_Sirius nearly leaped out of the chair._ Are you talking to me, or just to yourself? That is, if hats can talk, since you certainly can't sing. My ears were bleeding! "A cheeky one...perhaps Slytherin really isn't the best option for you..." _Wild hope fluttered in his chest. _ My whole family has been in Slytherin. I'd _**almost**_ rather be in _**Hufflepuff**_ than to be stuck in the same house as Bella... Sirius hat seemed amused_. "A jokester then... do not degrade Hufflepuff, they have produced outstanding wizards and witches..." _Sirius snorted_. Sure. _The Sorting Hat ignored him. "_You are rather clever... perhaps Ravenclaw... yet you lack work ethic. Ah, of course!" Of course what? _Sirius thought irritably. People were starting to look confused, wondering why Sirius still hadn't been sorted yet. The smirks on the faces of the Slytherins had started to fade. "_Brave, loyal, reckless... you better be in..._GRYFFINDOR!" There was a shocked silence. Even the stern Professor McGonagall looked surprised. Dumbledore had merely looked at him thoughtfully. Sirius wasn't sure how he felt.. Relief that he was different from the rest of his estranged family? Happy he was in was in Gryffindor? Scared that they wouldn't accept him? Scared about what his parents would do once they found out? How about all of the above? Feigning nonchalance, Sirius shrugged off the hat and tried not to think about how no one had cheered for _him. _Suddenly, he heard James whoop. "Yeah, Sirius!" Glancing back, he saw James and Remus and even Peter, whom Sirius barely knew, begin to clap and cheer. Slowly, everyone else followed suit, except for the Slytherins, of course. Glancing at the stony faces of some of the Gryffindors as he sat down, Sirius knew he would have to prove himself to his new house. Thinking about the smiling faces of his cheering friends, Sirius thought he might not mind so much.

Jasmine was getting anxious. Her fingers tapped her thighs and her feet restlessly tapped the floor._**Of course**_ they do it in alphabetical order_, she thought sulkily. With the last name Shafiq, she had to watch countless other first-years get sorted before her. She was an impatient person, and the curiosity was getting to her. What house would she be in? Gryffindor, with the brave? Hufflepuff, with the loyal? Ravenclaw, with the intelligent? Or Slytherin, with the cunning? She really hoped not to be i Slytherin; it would only push her to make friendships with people she knew to be dangerous. The Blacks, for example. Although, she had been astounded when one of them was sorted into Gryffindor... she was pretty sure that hadn't happened in _centuries. "_Shafiq, Jasmine!" Jasmine jolted to attention, and hurriedly walked to the stool, trying to appear calm and collected as she sat down. The hat slipped over her eyes, obstructing her vision, which made her slightly panic. She _hated_ not being able to see. It meant that she couldn't read people's expressions, couldn't tell what they were doing. It meant the unknown, and Jasmine hated the unknown. _"Mmmm... most curious indeed..." J_asmine stiffened in surprise at the voice inside her head. _"You have great ambition and cunning... Slytherin...could make you great, you know." _Jasmine sighed._ I was afraid of that, _she

admitted. The hat continued. "Yet there is bravery and loyalty..."
So, Gryffindor? The hat ignored her. _"But you have incredible wit and intelligence... originality... yes, you are best suited to-_ RAVENCLAW!" The blue clad table on her left erupted into cheers. Feeling slightly dizzy, Jasmine walked over to join her new house, sitting next to Dorcas Meadowes, whom she'd befriended on the train. Glancing around at the kind faces surrounding her, happiness bubbled inside of her.

"Ravenclaw", she said, testing out the word on her tongue. "I'm in _Ravenclaw_."

Dorcas looked at her, amused.

" Yes, Jasmine, you're in Ravenclaw. Are you going to eat your food now, or just stare at it?"

Jasmine only rolled her eyes, picking up a roll.

"Yes, _mother_."

The two Ravenclaws ate and joked together, and were eventually joined by a girl named Emmeline Vance, newly sorted into their house. Laying in bed that night, Jasmine was completely content._ I'm going to be the best witch this castle has ever seen, _she promised herself.

In a very different part of the castle, a red-haired green-eyed Gryffindor was thinking the exact same thing.

So how was this chapter? Please R&R and let me know! Criticism is welcome!

~RoadToRuin13

3. Chapter 3: School of Magic

Lily woke up early, eager to start the day.

"I'm at Hogwarts! I'm at Hogwarts!" She sang happily, as she brushed her hair. "Magic, magic, magic!"

"Lily, while it's great that you're so happy, can you please SHUT UP?" Marlene McKinnon was definitely not a morning person, Lily observed.

Glancing over to the bed next to hers, Lily noticed that Alice was already up. "Alice, do you want to go get breakfast with me?"

The brunette nodded. "Sure. Just help me find my left shoe!"

" We literally got here yesterday, how have you already lost a shoe?" Lily asked, exasperated.

" I dunno! Just help me find it!" Alice replied, sticking her head under her bed.

"Ughhhhh. Is it too much too ask for you guys to be quiet? Some people are trying to sleep, here, am I right girls?"Marlene had rolled over, covering her ears with her pillow.

Glancing at the two other empty beds, Lily laughed. "You're the only one still in bed, Marly."

She was answered with a groan. "Bloody insane, everyone is. It's only 6:30."

"Language!" admonished Lily, who was ignored. Another hour later, the three Gryffindors headed down to breakfast, Alice having found her shoe and Marly reluctantly getting up. While they were eating breakfast, Professor McGonagall started passing out their timetables.

"Looks like we have Charms first, with the Ravenclaws," observed Alice.

"Better get going, then. Wouldn't want to be late." Lily said, shouldering her bag.

"Okay, let's go." Marlene said, grabbing her own things.

The girls headed towards the exit, but were soon stopped by Marlene's cry of "Wait!". The girl ran back went to grab another blueberry muffin. "Okay, _ now _ let's go." Alice and Lily exchanged bemused glances as Marlene marched ahead.

"Are you guys coming?" She asked, before biting into her muffin. Laughing, Alice and Lily ran to catch up with their bewildered friend.

"What's so funny?"

With all the moving staircases and twisting corridors, not to mention Peeves, the girls barely made it to class in time. With most seats already taken, Lily and Alice sat together, while Marlene sat with a Ravenclaw girl named Jasmine, whom she'd met on the train ride to hogwarts.

" Alright, class! Settle down now!" Their Professor was a tiny little man, at barely 3 feet, spoke in a rather high pitched voice. "My name is Professor Flitwick, and I will be teaching you all charms!" The little man was standing on top of a stack of books, just so he could actually see over his desk. Lily was very amused by the tiny Professor, as was much of the class. However, as the lesson went on, Lily had started to respect the talented wizard.

"We will be starting with simpler charms," Professor Flitwick said to the class. He pointed his wand towards a book on student's desk.

"Wingardium Leviosa!"

The book was levitated, to the surprise and shock of the Ravenclaw who owned it. With a flick of his wand, Professor Flitwick distributed a feather to each student.

"Now, you try!"

The class erupted in noise as everyone muttered the incantation.

"Remember, its swish and flick, swish and fli- eek!" BOOM! Peter Pettigrew's feather had blown up in his face, and Flitwick hurried over to help the poor boy. Lily shook her head. _Focus._ After another failed attempt, she turned towards her textbook. _What am I doing wrong? _ She hurriedly flipped through the pages. "Oh!" She exclaimed aloud. " It's Wingardium Leviooo-"

"I DID IT!" The girl sitting next to Marlene had leaped up fist in the air , at the same as Sirius Black had whooped triumphantly. "I GOT IT!" He yelled. The two glared at each other. "I got it first," argued Sirius. "No, I clearly did it first," glared Jasmine. The two had a staring contest before both started laughing, to the confusion of the class.

Professor Flitwick clapped his hands together excitedly. "Very good, very good! Why don't you two demonstrate?"

Jasmine and Sirius pointed their wands at their feathers. _"Wingardium Leviosa!" _They chorused. The feathers both gracefully floated up in the air, to the pride of the spell casters.

"Well done! 10 points to Ravenclaw! 10 points to Gryffindor," squeaked Professor Flitwick. Jasmine and Sirius high-fived, and the class cheered.

"Back to work, everyone! Get those feathers in the air!"

By the time class ended, only half of the students had been successful in levitating their feathers. Lily was proud to be one of them. However, Alice had not been so lucky, and was given homework as a result, to her displeasure. "Swish and flick, swish and flick, swish and flick..." Alice was mumbling to herself as they headed down towards transfiguration. Lily and Marlene laughed softly at their friend, but said nothing. This time, they shared the class with the Hufflepuffs. Lily ended up next to a blonde haired boy named Spencer, while Alice and Marlene sat together in the back of the room, next to the two boys that Lily had already begun to hate: Potter and Black. Perhaps hate was a strong word; Lily merely strongly disliked the two Gryffindors. Lily was shaken out of her thoughts when Professor McGonagall walked in, eagerly listening to the Professor speak. "... transfiguration is a highly dangerous and complex form of magic. Any messing around in my class will not be tolerated." Professor McGonagall's gaze swept across the classroom. Potter boy had begun laughing.

"Is there something you find amusing, ?" Lily couldn't help but smirk.

"No, Professor," James replied innocently. McGonagall narrowed her eyes, before continuing her lecture.

"Now, it is time for all of you to give it a whirl. I am passing out a match to each of you. Your assignment is to try and transfigure it into a needle. Remember, envision it!"

Once receiving her needle, Lily immediately pointed her wand at it. She screwed her eyes shut in concentration. "Needle needle needle..." she muttered under her breath. After a few moments she noticed her match had begun to sharpen. The boy next to her, Spencer, examined

it.

"Say, how'd you do that? Mine hasn't changed a bit!" The hufflepuff showed his to Lily, who giggled.

"Concentration, I guess. Envision the similarities and differences of the two objects, and try to change the match so it resembles a needle."

"Blimey! That's brilliant, thanks!" Spencer said, looking at her in awe. Lily blushed. "It's no problem, really-" Lily was interrupted by a triumphant yell, and clapping. Turning her head, she realized it had come from Potter. McGonagall strolled over, and held up his match turned needle for the class to see.

"A convincing needle. Well done, ." Professor McGonagall offered James a rare smile. "10 points to Gryffindor!"

Lily sighed. "I guess this isn't so impressive anymore, is it?" Spencer looked at her, "Of course it is! See, I still haven't made any progress at all! " Lily smiled gratefully. "Thanks, Spence. Can I call you Spence?" He shrugged. "Sure. And you're welcome." By the end of class, Spencer, with Lily's help, had been able to morph the match so that it had sharpened, ever so slightly, at one end. Lily and a boy named Remus were the only ones who had gotten close to completing the transformation, while James was still the only one who had finished it at all. Everyone else was given tons of homework, to their dismay. The girls made their way to lunch, chatting about their classes as they went.

"Professor McGonagall's really scary, ain't she?" Alice said as the girls were sitting down.

Marlene shrugged, "Not really. You should see my mother," she said, giving a comical shudder. Lily and Alice laughed.

"You should see mine," muttered a voice behind them. Turning around, Lily realized it was Black. Lily opened her mouth, ready to say something snarky, when Marlene cut in.

"Oh I have, and I have to say, I'm sorry for you. I don't think I could survive with_ that_ for a mother." Alice looked at Marlene, appalled at her words, and began to apologize for her friend. Before she could, however, Black laughed loudly .

"Lucky for you, you don't have to. Bet dear ol' Walburga didn't react so well to my sorting. I'm expecting a howler any day now."

Marlene winced sympathetically. "Good luck with that." He shrugged in response.

"SI-REE-USS" Potter had his hands cupped around his mouth, and was gesturing frantically. Sirius grinned.

"Duty calls. See ya around, McKinnon."

"See ya." Marlene waved a hand at him as he turned to leave, before biting into her sandwich. Looking up, she saw her friends' confused stares.

"What? Have I got something on my face?"

Alice and Lily shook their heads.

"It's nothing," they chorused.

Marlene looked at them disbelievingly, then shrugged.

"Whatever you say."

4. Chapter 4: Quidditch

"I just think he's insufferable!" Lily was saying to Alice, who was listening carefully. Marlene ran to join them, after waving goodbye to her Ravenclaw friends.

"Who's insufferable? Do I need to punch someone?"

Lily laughed. "No, but thanks Marly. I'm talking about that Potter boy! He's so arrogant, and was so rude to Sev on the train ride here."

Marlene narrowed her eyes. "Are you talking about James?"

"Yeah, why?"

"Well he's my cousin, and one of my best friends, that's what!" Marlene said angrily.

"What?! How can you like him? He's rude, arrogant, and a bully!" Lily was astounded.

"You don't even know him! Anyway, I bet greasy 'ol _Sev_ deserved it. That boy is trouble, I tell you." Marlene was flushed with anger. Alice glanced warily between her two friends.

"Let's just calm down, okay?" Lily whirled towards Alice. "So what do you think? Isn't Potter a right prat for calling Sev _Snivellus_?" Alice glanced uneasily at Marlene.

"Well... I don't think that was very nice of him to say, but I don't think he's as bad as you're making him out to be, Lily. You've only known him for, like, two days."

Lily merely sniffed. "Whatever. I still think he's a prat."

Marlene snapped back, "Well I'm gonna go sit with the Ravenclaws, then. They didn't seem to have a problem with my cousin. Thought he was funny during potions, in fact."

"Fine!"

"Fine!"

And with that, Marlene turned on her heel and left, leaving behind an angry Lily and an uncertain Alice.

Later that day, the Gryffindors had Quidditch class with the Slytherins. Lily and Marlene still refused to talk to each other, to

Alice's dismay. Instead, Marlene was chumming it up with the other two Gryffindor girls, Vanessa and Ashley. Lily on the other hand, was talking to Severus, while Alice hovered beside her a bit awkwardly.

"What's your favorite class so far, Sev?"

The sallow faced boy shrugged. "Potions is interesting, though incompetent fools kept blowing things up yesterday," he said, sending a very obvious glare towards the Gryffindor boys.

Lily sighed, "Potter. He really is-" A shrill whistle interrupted her whatever she was about to say.

"Get in a line!" Barked Madame Hooch. After relaying all the rules and safety measures, the flying coach finally allowed the first-years to call their school brooms.

"Up! Up! Up!" Lily was getting impatient; the broom had not moved an inch.

"Up, up, up-"

"Need help Evans?" Potter was zooming around on his broom, looking unfairly comfortable and decidedly smug.

_Show off. _Lily sniffed.

"Mind your own business, Potter. I don't need your help." She turned around, giving up on her broom.

I didn't want to fly anyway, she decided, ignoring the slight twinge in her chest._ I guess I'm never going to fly, like a real witch. Afterall, I'm just a muggleborn._

5. Chapter 5: Me? Fancy him? Please

The following weeks and months passed by in a blur, and Lily was having the best time of her life. There was only one thing niggling in the back of her mind. The had just gotten out of charms, and they had a break. Alice wanted to send a letter to her brothers, Gideon and Fabian. On their way to the owlery, Lily finally asked.

"Do you fancy Black?" She asked, directing the question towards Marlene. Said girl looked at her with shock coloring her features.

"What?! No! What makes you think that?" The redhead blushed, not meeting her eyes.

"It's just that you're always talking to him and Potter... I know Potter is your cousin and all, but why are you so friendly with Black?"

Marlene stared at her for a while longer, before bursting into laughter.

"It's not funny! It's a legitimate question!" Lily protested, turning even redder. Alice watched the two of her friends, amused. After

Marlene finally caught her breath, she explained.

"I met him when I was five, I think, at one of those stuffy Pure-blood functions. That's where I met Jasmine too- you know- the dark haired Ravenclaw?" Lily nodded.

"Anyway, James didn't go because the Potters are 'blood-traitors', but my parents forced me to go, since it's dangerous to offend people so powerful." Marlene wrinkled her nose.

"So when does Black come into this?" Lily pressed.

"It's nothing too interesting," Marlene shrugged. "None of us wanted to be there, so we just kind of banded together."

"So you guys are...friends?" Lily asked.

"Well yeah. We did play a prank on the Malfoys once." Marlene laughed, remembering. "Mum was furious," she chuckled, shaking her head.

"What did you do?" inquired Alice.

Marlene mimed zipping her lips. "Can't tell our secrets! Maybe one day, little one." She patted Alice's head. Alice scowled good naturedly.

Lily rolled her eyes. "You're starting to sound like Potter." Marlene sighed.

"Lily, I know you strongly dislike Sirius and James," There was a snort at this, which Marlene ignored, continuing on, "but at least try to be civilized, especially when I'm there."

Lily sighed, "Fine, but Marls... Just the other day they lit Sev's hair on fire!"

Marlene tried, unsuccessfully, not to smile.

"Oh c'mon Lils, it was a joke! They just wanted to see if all the grease in Snape's hair would make it more flammable, that's all."

Lily glared at her, "Is that supposed to make it ok?!"

Marlene rolled her eyes. "Fine, fine. That was a bit unnecessary. Snape was probably being a git, anyway, he's a Slytherin."

Lily opened her mouth, outraged by her friend's words, only to be interrupted by Alice.

"C'mon, I have to get this letter to Fabian! You two can argue later."

Lily huffed angrily, but nodded. Marlene shrugged again. "Fine, whatever."

Sighing in relief, Alice dragged her friends towards the owlery.

6. Chapter 6: Potions and Plans

Sirius couldn't help the wild grin on his face as he waved the piece of parchment under James' nose.

"It's brilliant! Let's do it tomorrow, yeah?"

James nodded, glancing at Peter. " You got the plan mate?"

Peter nodded eagerly, eager to please his friends. "I have it down," he promised.

"You in, Remus?"

The brown eyed boy shook his head, a smile tugging at the corners of his mouth.

"I suppose-"

"Blimey!" James jumped up, grabbing his things.

"Breaks over, McGonagall's going to skin us alive if we're late like last time!" And with that, James hightailed it out of the common room, leaving his friends to run after him.

"Mr. Black!"

Sirius jolted to attention, flinching slightly, before relaxing once he met Slughorn's dark eyes.

"What are the three main ingredients for the forgetfulness potion?"

Sirius drawled, " Lethe river water, valerian sprigs, and..." He paused for a moment, drawing a blank.

Jasmine, sitting next to him, whispered out of the side of her mouth.

"_Mistletoe berries._"

"...And mistletoe berries!" He finished triumphantly, flashing Jasmine a discreet, thankful look. She dipped her chin ever so slightly, acknowledging his thanks.

" Oh ho! Fantastic work, Mr. Black! 10 points to Gryffindor!"

Sirius smirked, sensing the admiring glances of his fellow classmates. Jasmine rolled her eyes.

"Stop smirking, Black," She hissed. "I'm the one who helped you."

That wiped the smile from his face, but only for a moment. Jasmine had leaned over, trying to see what he was working on.

"What's that? We haven't had any homework yet this week, and I doubt you do your homework anyway."

"You know me too well, Shafiq."

"So what is it?" Jasmine pressed.

"Uh uh. I can't tell you." Sirius grinned mysteriously, tucking the paper into his robes.

"Now everyone, get to work! You have 15 minutes!" Slughorn called from the front of the room.

Jasmine narrowed her eyes. "Fine. Go grab the Lethe river water, and I'll grab the rest of the ingredients. But you owe me an explanation- I've known you longer than those boisterous friends of yours."

"Whatever you want, J!" Sirius called over his shoulder as he went to retrieve his ingredients.

"I mean it Black!" She yelled back.

"Jeez, Jazz. What did he do?" Inquired Dorcas as she passed by.

Jasmine shook her head.

"Nothing; I'm just curious about something."

Dorcas shrugged, "Sure, Jazz. Good luck with your potion- though I doubt you'll need it."

Jasmine offered her a genuine smile.

"Thanks, Doe."

"No! Stop! Sirius, did you even read the directions?" Jasmine scolded Sirius, who crossed his arms defiantly.

"You add the Valerian sprigs after the Lethe River water."

"Yeah, yeah.." Sirius followed her instructions until-

"Stop! You're supposed to stir 3 times, not two. And it's supposed to be clockwise."

Sirius waved a hand absentmindedly, not really caring. Jasmine shook her head, exasperated.

"Oh I'll just do it. You're obviously distracted- but you better tell me what's going on."

Sirius blinked at her. "Huh? What? Oh thanks." He bent over his piece of parchment again, missing Jasmine's incredulous look.

"Brilliant! Truly, amazing! Evans and Bernie Macmillan win the prize for best potion!" Slughorn beamed at the blushing pair.

"We could have won, if you weren't being so distracted," complained Jasmine. Sirius shrugged, already heading out the door. Jasmine quickly stuffed her things into her bag, pausing to tell Doe where she was going. She ran, catching up with the Gryffindor boys.

"So? Gonna tell me what you were doing?"

Sirius turned to James, as though asking for permission. James eyed her suspiciously.

"She won't tell, will she?"

Jasmine rolled her eyes. "I'm right here you know!"

"She won't, James. Trust me, she's no snitch." James shrugged his shoulders.

"Go ahead then."

Eyes sparkling, Sirius bent his head to whisper their plan into her ear, grinning as Jasmine started laughing. Snape walked by, eyeing them suspiciously.

"Whatchya lookin at, _Snivellus_?" James sneered. Snape stared walking noticeably faster, to James' and Sirius' amusement. Jasmine raised an eyebrow, but said nothing.

"Well, I need to get going- my friends are waiting," she said, waving a hand in the direction of her giggling friends. "I'll be looking forwards to tomorrow- don't be a stranger, Black." She said, before turning on her heel to leave.

"Same to you, J," Sirius replied before turning back to his own friends.

"Well, what are you waiting for? Its dinner time- I need to gorge myself!" And with that, he dragged his laughing friends to the Great Hall.

Love it? Hate it? Let me know- the next chapter should be up late this week. As usual, a review would be appreciated!

RoadToRuin13

End
file.